



MARVEL®

11

92

JUSTICE, LIKE LIGHTNING...

NEW THUNDERBOLTS






THE VALHALLA MOUNTAIN RESEARCH FACILITY, COLORADO.

THE INTERDICTION UNIT COMES DOWN IN TIGHT FORMATION. RENOWNED THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY FOR THEIR FIGHTING SKILLS, IT IS AN HONOR TO BE A PART OF THIS UNIT.

THOUGH MANY HAVE QUESTIONED IF IT'S AN HONOR I *DESERVE*, I STRIVE TO DO THE BEST I CAN.

IT'S HARD ENOUGH BEING PRIVATE GENIS-VELL, BUT WHEN I SEE HER IN ACTION, MY INSECURITIES JUST GET WORSE...



CAROL DANVERS,
THE EARTH WOMAN
WHO GAINED
SUPER POWERS
FROM LONG-HIDDEN
KREE MACHINERY.

WHO GAINED POWERS
SAVING MY FATHER'S
LIFE AND DEFEATING
THE RENEGADE KREE
COLONEL, YON-ROGG.

WHO WENT ON
TO BECOME
CAPTAIN MARVEL,
THIS WORLD'S
GREATEST HERO...

DR. CHEN...
WHY HAVE YOU
JOINED STRUCKER'S CAUSE?
WHY ARE YOU WASTING
ALL THE POTENTIAL YOU HAVE
AS THE **RADIOACTIVE MAN**?

YOU SPEAK OF
POTENTIAL? WHAT ABOUT THE
POTENTIAL OF THE HUMAN RACE—
A SPECIES YOUR STATUS QUO
WILL DOOM TO EXTINCTION!

YOU ARE A
TRAITOR TO YOUR
KIND, WOMAN!

I WILL CRUSH
YOU WITH MY SATAN'S
CLAW AS EASILY AS
I BRUSH ASIDE THESE
ALIEN MAGGOTS!

IT IS ONLY THEIR ZEAL THAT MAKES THEM AN ACTUAL
THREAT.

THEIR PLANET IS ON AN EVOLUTIONARY CUSP—
BUT RATHER THAN EMBRACE IT, SOME SEGMENTS
OF THE HUMAN RACE SEEM WILLING TO RISK
PLANETARY ANNIHILATION OVER OBSOLESCENCE.

THERE ARE TOO
MANY OF THEM,
ANDREAS!

KEEP
FIGHTING, SISTER—
WE CAN'T LET OUR
FATHER DOWN!

THESE ARE THE CHILDREN
OF BARON WOLFGANG
VON STRUCKER—

—A SUPREMACIST
WHOSE ORIGINAL VISION
OF ARYAN SUPERIORITY—

—HAS BEEN REFOCUSED BY THE
STRUGGLE FOR HUMAN SURVIVAL.

BUT THESE TWO—ANDREA AND ANDREAS—
ARE MUTANTS—FIGHTING FOR THEIR
FATHER AGAINST THEIR OWN KIND...?

I COULD TAKE THEM
BOTH DOWN—
I HESITATE—WHY—?

WRONG
MOVE,
ALIEN...



...ONE SECOND IS ALL YOU GET WHEN YOU'RE FACING AN OPPONENT WHO CAN CUT TIME APART!

HIS NAME IS FLASHBACK. HE CAN PULL ADDITIONAL VERSIONS OF HIMSELF FROM THE TIMESTREAM.

AS WE SPIRAL, I FEEL TWO HANDS ON ME, THEN FOUR, THEN EIGHT--



--BUT THROUGH THE PUMMELING--

--BEYOND THE PAIN (OR EVEN THE EMBARRASSMENT)--



--I FEEL SOMETHING ELSE...



...I FEEL... TIME AND SPACE... I DON'T JUST SEE IT, I FEEL IT-- WITH A TANGIBLE SMELL AND TASTE--

--AND I SEE A GLIMPSE OF SOMEWHERE ELSE... SOMEWHEN ELSE--



WHAT'S GOING ON--? MY POWERS DON'T WORK THIS WAY--

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!




FLASHBACK IS A RIVER OF TIME AND I AM A ROCK LODGED IN HIS CURRENT.

RIPPLES FLOW AROUND ME, WASHING OVER ME--RIPPLES OF HIS FLESH AND SOUL-- AS HE DISSIPATES INTO NOTHINGNESS (AND EVERYTHING)--

--THEN I SEE ANOTHER WORLD--

--SO DIFFERENT THAN WHAT I KNOW-- BUT IT FEELS SO RIGHT--



I SEE THE WORLD AS
IT SHOULD BE.
(AS IT WILL BE AGAIN?)

AND WORST OF ALL
(BEST OF ALL?)
I SEE MYSELF IN IT.
I SEE MYSELF AS
SOMEONE POWERFUL...
SOMEONE IMPORTANT...

...SOMEONE WHOSE
VERY EXISTENCE WILL
DETERMINE THE FATE
OF A UNIVERSE!

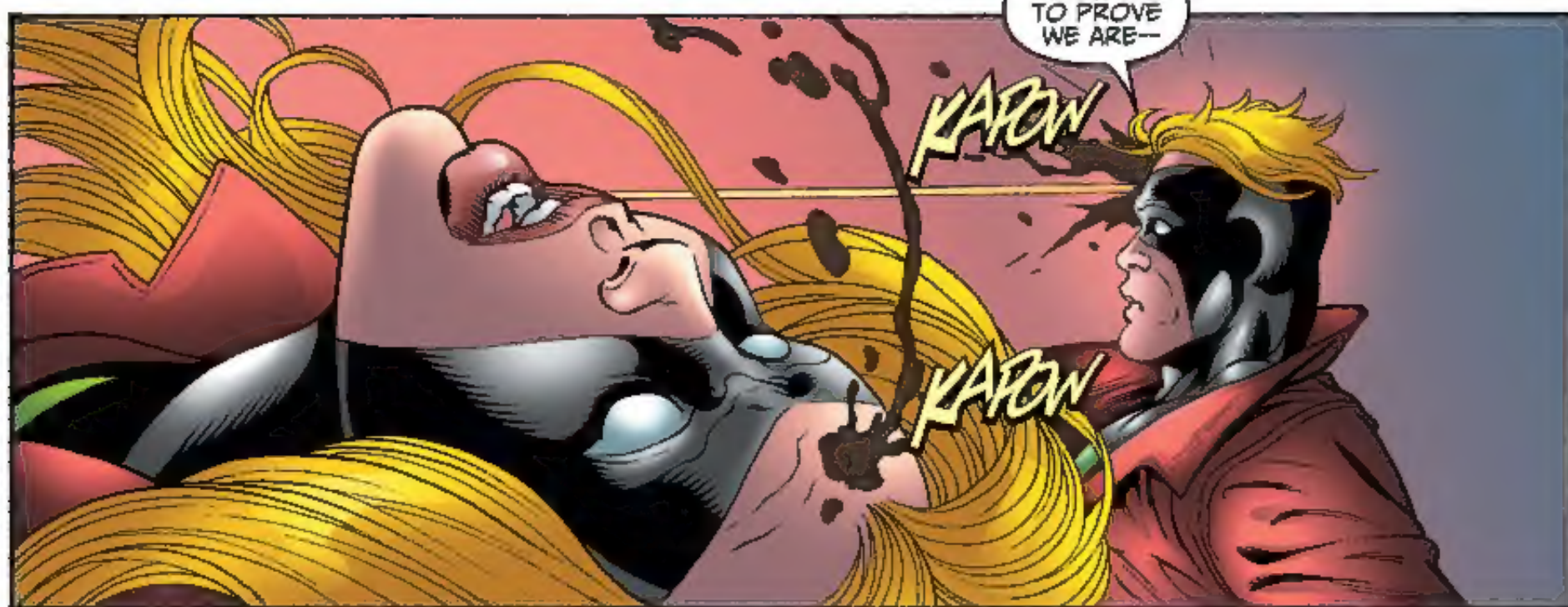
I SCREAM FROM THE
ONSLAUGHT--THE SURGE--
OF...COSMIC AWARENESS...

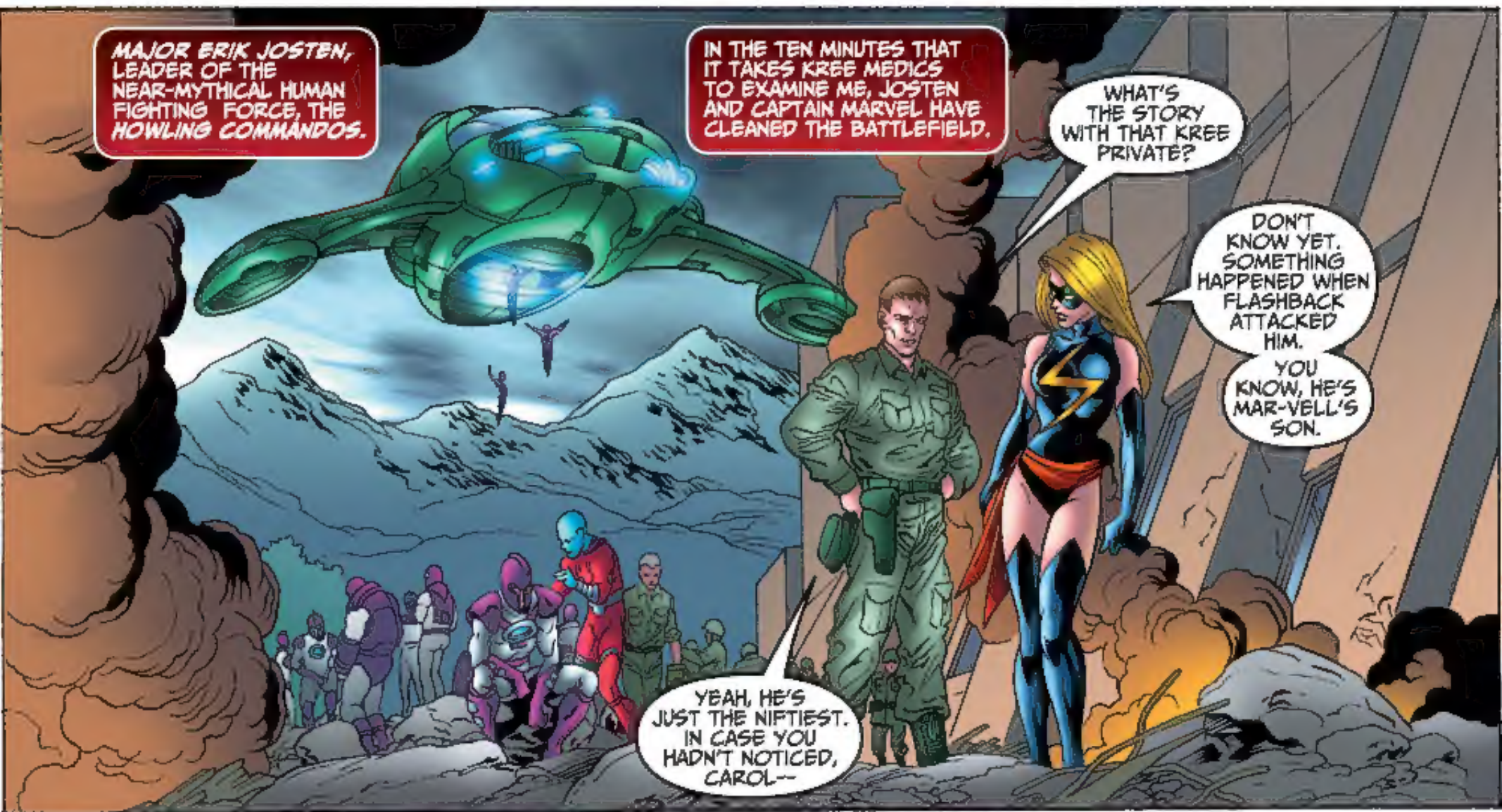
...BUT MORE--THE OVERWHELMING
SENSE OF DREAD--THAT IN THIS VISION,
I WAS NOT SAVING THE UNIVERSE...

...I WAS DESTROYING IT...

GENIS?! WHAT
HAPPENED?

WHERE DID
FLASHBACK
GO?





MAJOR ERIK JOSTEN, LEADER OF THE NEAR-MYTHICAL HUMAN FIGHTING FORCE, THE HOWLING COMMANDOS.

IN THE TEN MINUTES THAT IT TAKES KREE MEDICS TO EXAMINE ME, JOSTEN AND CAPTAIN MARVEL HAVE CLEANED THE BATTLEFIELD.

WHAT'S THE STORY WITH THAT KREE PRIVATE?

DON'T KNOW YET. SOMETHING HAPPENED WHEN FLASHBACK ATTACKED HIM.

YOU KNOW, HE'S MAR-VELL'S SON.

YEAH, HE'S JUST THE NIFTIEST. IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, CAROL--



"--MAR-VELL NEVER WOULD'VE LET HIMSELF GET AMBUSHED LIKE THAT..."

I HEAR HIS DISDAIN. I SHOULD BE USED TO IT, BUT NOW...

...IT'S DIFFERENT--I ACTUALLY FEEL IT--LIKE AN EMOTIONAL PUNCH.

WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS?

UNKNOWN PHOTONIC ENERGIES COURSE THROUGH HIS BODY...



THEY TALK. I BARELY HEAR THEIR WORDS.

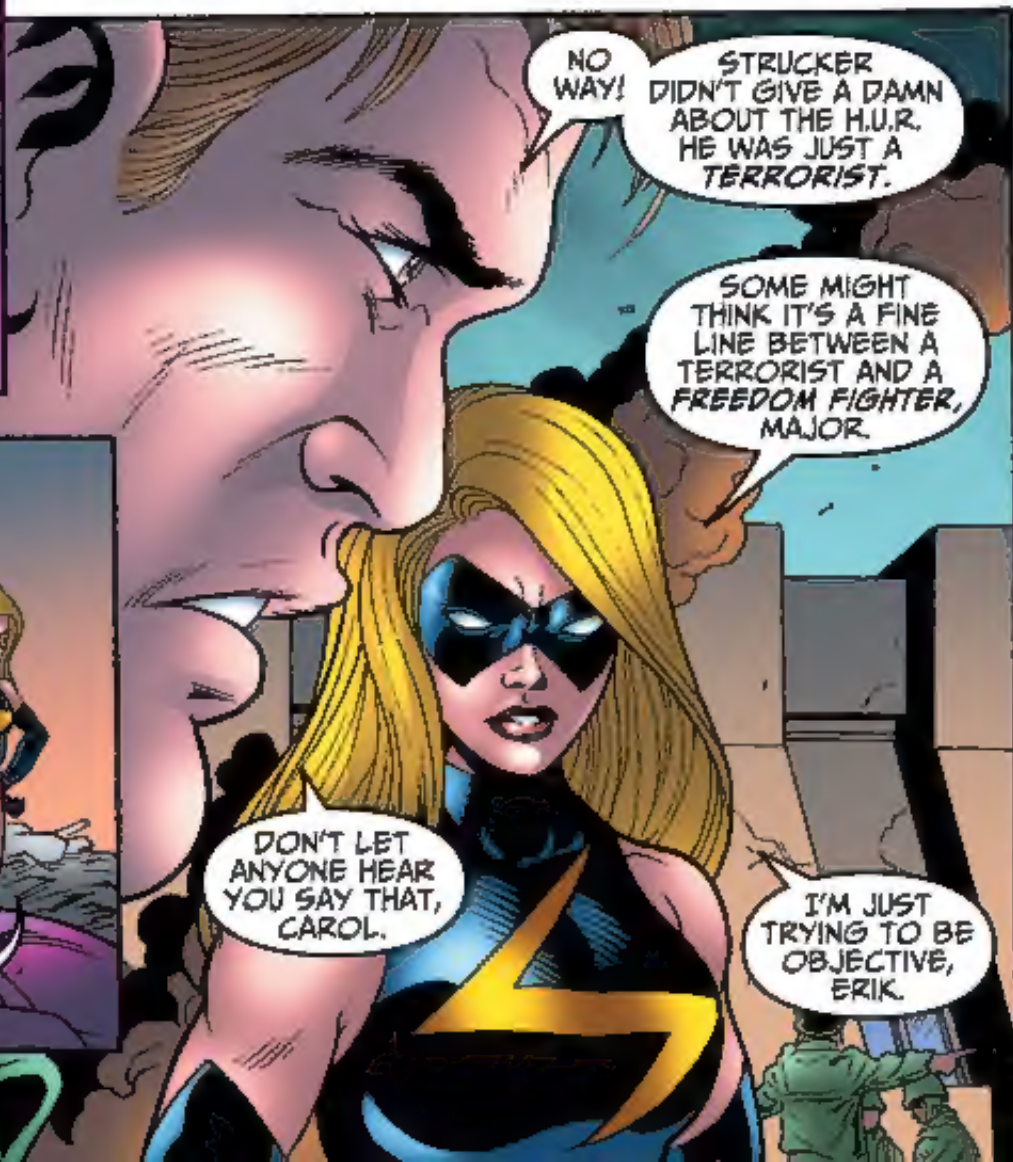
I DON'T NEED THEM TO TELL ME SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO ME.

WHAT DID I REALLY SEE?

HOW COULD THAT ONE STRANGE VISION CHANGE THE WAY I SEE EVERYTHING?

WHY DOES NONE OF THIS SEEM REAL TO ME NOW?

--CLAIMED HE WAS WITH THE HUMAN UNDERGROUND RESISTANCE.



NO WAY!

STRUCKER DIDN'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THE H.U.R. HE WAS JUST A TERRORIST.

SOME MIGHT THINK IT'S A FINE LINE BETWEEN A TERRORIST AND A FREEDOM FIGHTER, MAJOR.

DON'T LET ANYONE HEAR YOU SAY THAT, CAROL.

I'M JUST TRYING TO BE OBJECTIVE, ERIK.

IN SO MANY
WAYS, OUR WORLD'S
CHANGED FOR THE
BETTER IN THE LAST
FEW DECADES...

—BUT IT WOULD
BE FOOLISH TO DENY
THAT BASELINE HUMANS
HAVE A JUSTIFIED
FEAR OF BECOMING
EXTINCT.

SO
WHAT'S THE
ANSWER?

I DON'T
KNOW. WE
JUST KEEP
FIGHTING FOR
WHAT'S RIGHT,
I GUESS.

YEAH...
BUT WHO
DEFINES
THAT...?

SHE LEAVES
WITHOUT SAYING
GOODBYE.

I DON'T
THINK SHE'S
COMFORTABLE
AROUND ME.

I DON'T KNOW
IF IT'S BECAUSE
I REMIND HER
OF MY FATHER...

...OR BECAUSE
I DON'T.

ALL THE RUMORS
THAT HAD SWIRLED
AROUND THEM...

...MY FATHER TOLD MY
MOTHER NOTHING HAD
HAPPENED BETWEEN THEM.

BUT I THINK ABOUT IT, AND I FEEL
MYSELF IN THAT MOMENT—IN THEIR
MOMENT—

—I FEEL THEIR LIPS
PRESSING TOGETHER,
HIS PROTESTATIONS—

—HER LONGING
AS HE FLEW AWAY—

—A PASSION NEARLY CONSUMMATED,
CLINGING TO HER VERY BEING
LIKE THICK TAR...

IT HAPPENED YEARS
AGO, BUT HER TASTE
IS ON MY LIPS, HIS
LONGING IN MY GUT...

...HOW CAN I SEEM TO KNOW
EVERYTHING...REACH OUT TO HEAR THE
THOUGHTS OF EVERYONE AROUND
ME—CONTROL SO MUCH POWER—

—AND STILL HAVE
NO CONTROL OVER
MY OWN LIFE?

"INNOCENT
UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY"
SEEMS EXCESSIVELY
LENIENT.

THERE ARE
WAYS OF...
MANIPULATING
THAT, JUDGE
ADVOCATE
RONAN.



THE HUMAN, ZEBEDIAH KILLGRAVE, IS SOME KIND OF POLITICIAN CALLED A LOBBYIST.

HE SERVES AS A PUPPET, PULLED BETWEEN THE WHIMS OF GOVERNMENTS AND CORPORATIONS, HUMANS AND MUTANTS,

HIS WORDS WERE MEANT TO IMPRESS RONAN, PERHAPS TO MAKE THE TERRANS SEEM TO BE ON EQUAL FOOTING WITH US.

AS USUAL, RONAN RESERVED JUDGMENT...

DR. VAUGHN AND MR. JENKINS. WE'VE BEEN REGISTERING ABSURD AMOUNTS OF TETRASPATIAL ENERGIES OVER THE LAST FIFTEEN MINUTES.

ARE THE SENSORS WORKING PROPERLY?

THEY APPEAR TO BE, FORGE.

PHOTONIC SURGES ARE BEING SCANNED NOW.

THIS NEW ENERGY SIGNAL DOES SEEM ODD--PHOTONIC ENERGY SHOULD BE AMBIENT, NOT ISOLATED INTO SUCH A SELF-CONTAINED AREA...





...ABE,
COULD YOU PLEASE
STOP CLICKING
THAT PEN—

NERVOUS HABIT,
WENDELL.

—READINGS
ALMOST SEEM TO
EMULATE A QUASAR
PULSE.

I'M FINDING
A LOCUS POINT
FOR THE ACTIVITY,
FORGE. IT SEEMS
TO BE COMING
FROM INSIDE
THE BASE!

WORD IS WE'RE
GOING TO SIGN A NEW
TREATY WITH THE KREE
TO INCLUDE A MILITARY
ALLIANCE AGAINST THE
SHI'AR EMPIRE.

FROM WHAT
I HEAR, THE KREE
NEED US...

WHAT'S WITH
THE SUIT AND TIE
WALKING THE KREE
AROUND?



KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK

...BECAUSE THE SHI'AR HAVE
BEEN ADVANCING INTO THEIR
TERRITORY FOR YEARS."



WE CAN'T
SCUTTLE THE
DELEGATION'S
MEETIN' WITH
FORGE,
ERIK.

IT WOULD
DRAW TOO
MUCH ATTENTION
TO US.

I KNOW,
DUM DUM, BUT
WE CAN'T LET
THE MUTANTS DO
THIS—IT'LL CRUSH
ANY HOPE WE
HAVE OF—

QUIET
DOWN, SON.

RESTRICT
AREA



AT EASE,
MEN.

I'VE TAUGHT
YOU PATIENCE,
HAVEN'T I?

KLIK
KLIK
KLIK



YEAH, AND COMING
FROM YOU, IT WAS
PRETTY IRONIC.

STOP WITH
THE DAMNED PENS!
WE'RE SECURE
IN HERE.

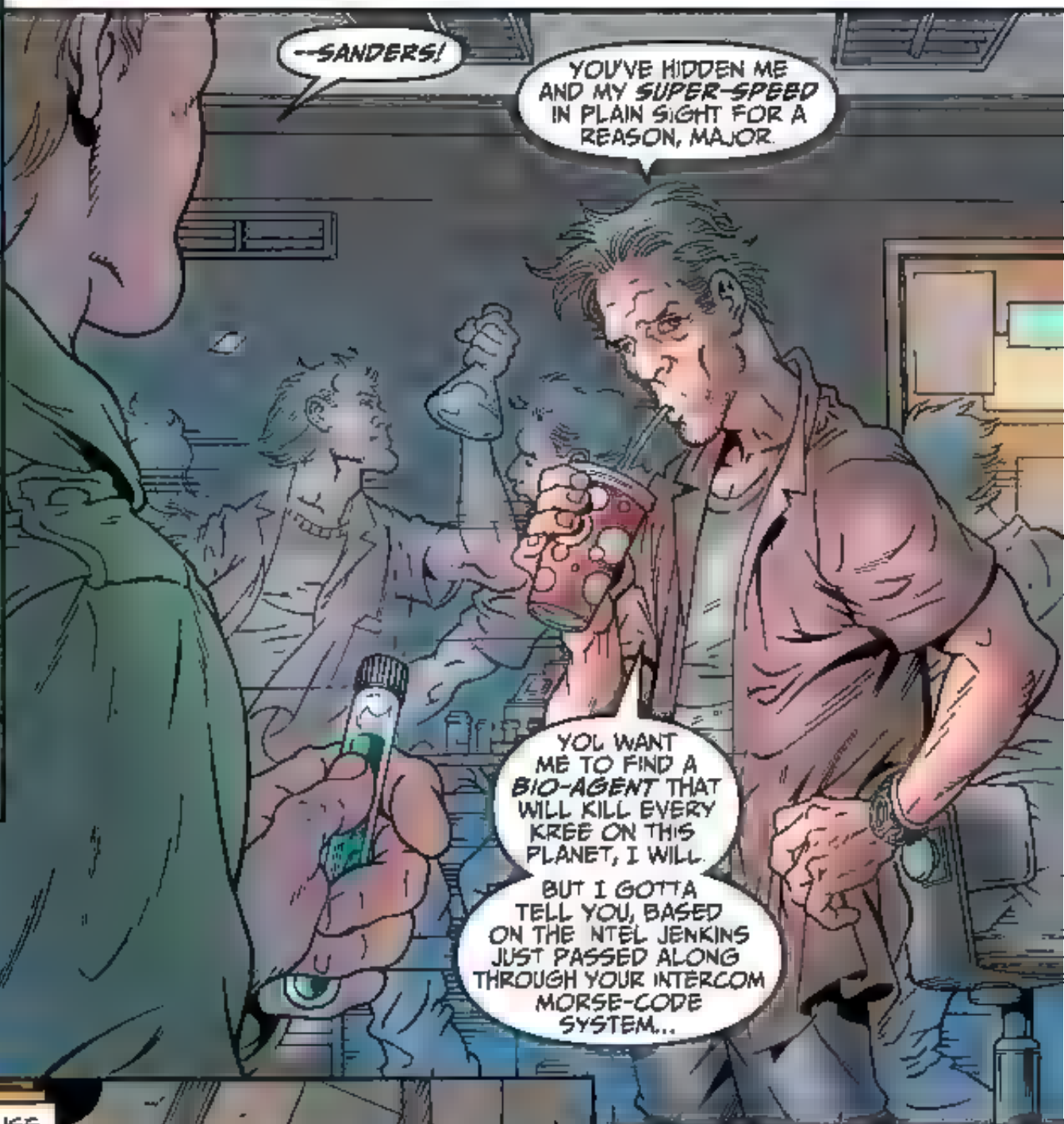
KLIK
KLIK



SHOW
GENERAL
DUGAN
RESPECT

YEAH, RIGHT
DID YOU GET
IT?

A SAMPLE
OF KREE BLOOD
YOU BETTER BE
ABLE TO DO
THIS--



--SANDERS!

YOU'VE HIDDEN ME
AND MY *SUPER-SPEED*
IN PLAIN SIGHT FOR A
REASON, MAJOR.

YOU WANT
ME TO FIND A
BIO-AGENT THAT
WILL KILL EVERY
KREE ON THIS
PLANET, I WILL.

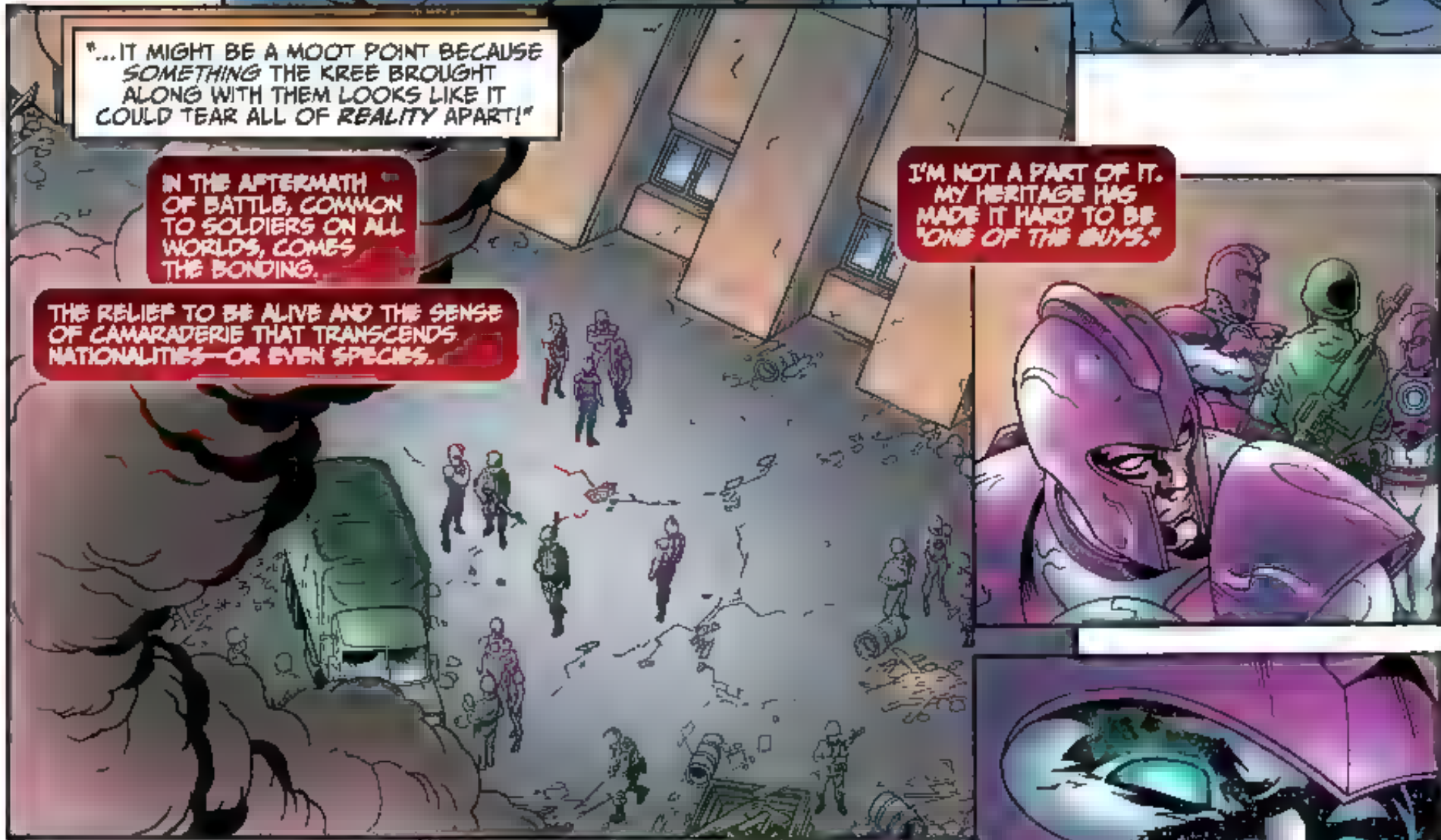
BUT I GOTTA
TELL YOU, BASED
ON THE NTEL JENKINS
JUST PASSED ALONG
THROUGH YOUR INTERCOM
MORSE-CODE
SYSTEM...

"...IT MIGHT BE A MOOT POINT BECAUSE
SOMETHING THE KREE BROUGHT
ALONG WITH THEM LOOKS LIKE IT
COULD TEAR ALL OF REALITY APART!"

IN THE AFTERMATH
OF BATTLE, COMMON
TO SOLDIERS ON ALL
WORLDS, COMES
THE BONDING.

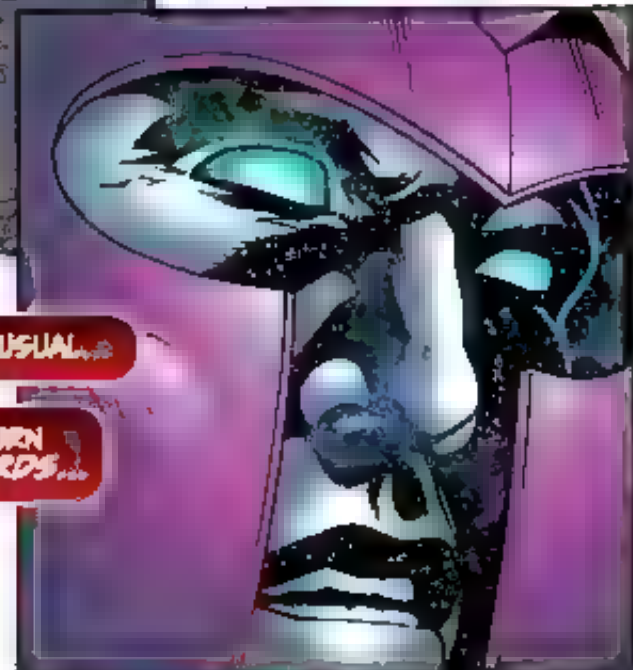
THE RELIEF TO BE ALIVE AND THE SENSE
OF CAMARADERIE THAT TRANSCENDS
NATIONALITIES--OR EVEN SPECIES.

I'M NOT A PART OF IT.
MY HERITAGE HAS
MADE IT HARD TO BE
'ONE OF THE GUYS.'



AND AS USUAL...

...I TURN
INWARDS...





...AND ONCE AGAIN I SEE...

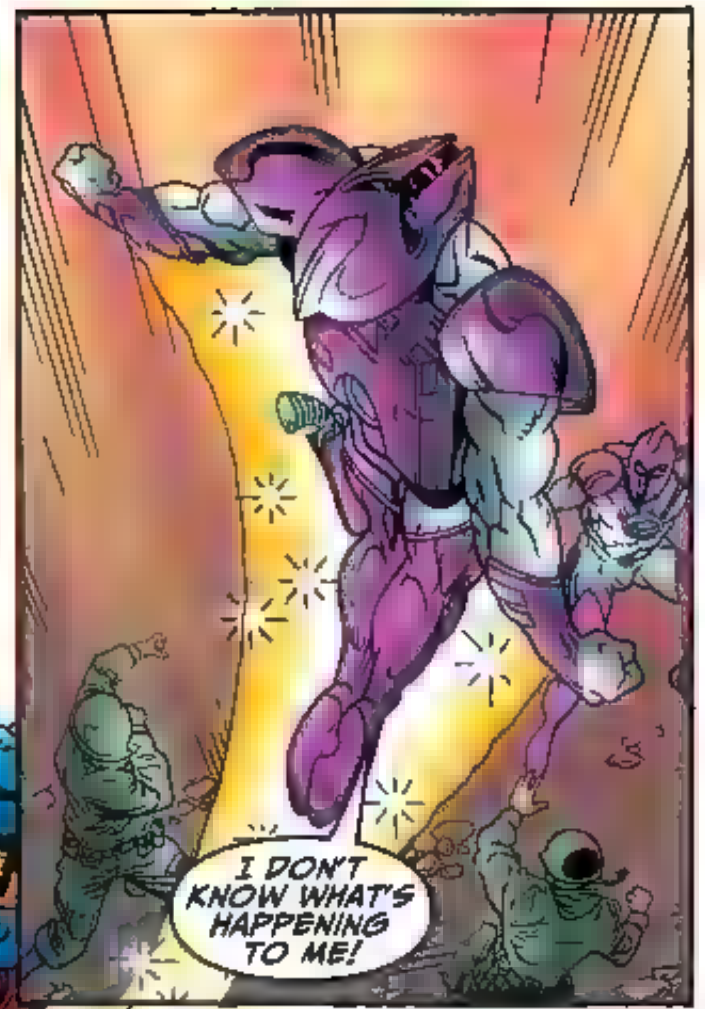
...A STRANGE COMBINATION OF WHAT WAS...WHAT IS...AND WHAT MIGHT BE?

MY FATHER—WHEN HE WAS ON EARTH—

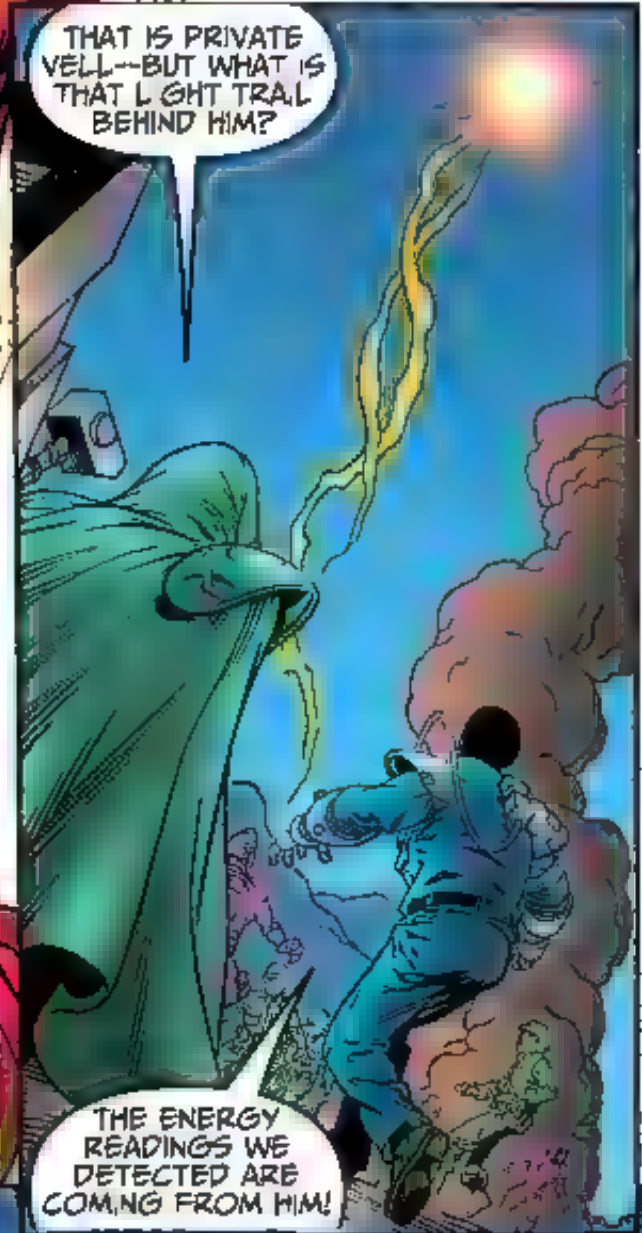
—WHEN HE FOUND THE NASA-BANDS, BUT HE NEVER WORE THAT UNIFORM...

...AND HIS HAIR CHANGING TO BLOND?—AND THAT'S ME—CARRYING ON SOME KIND OF—LEGACY—BUT I NEVER DID THAT!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME!



THAT IS PRIVATE VELL—BUT WHAT IS THAT LIGHT TRAIL BEHIND HIM?

THE ENERGY READINGS WE DETECTED ARE COMING FROM HIM!



HE'S NOT USING HIS PROPULSION BOOTS TO FLY—SOMEHOW, HE'S FOLDING PHOTONS AROUND HIM—

--FOLDING SPACE--TO PROPEL HIMSELF!

(FOLLOW HIM!)

THEY ARE IN PURSUIT—
CONFUSED... CONCERNED...

—SO MANY RANDOM
THOUGHTS—JEALOUSY,
DISRESPECT—FEAR...

BUT WHY DO I FEEL SUPPORT,
TOO? SOMEONE—A TERRAN—
A FRIEND OF MY FATHER'S? AT
HIS BEDSIDE WHEN HE DIED?

(BUT MAR-VELL
DIED IN BATTLE...)

AND HE WAS—A—
A FRIEND OF
MINE AS WELL?

WE WERE—CONJOINED—
I FEEL HIS THOUGHTS
INSIDE ME, ALMOST AS IF
THEY WERE MY OWN...

I HURTLE THROUGH
THE SKIES—DRAGGED
AS MUCH AS ANYTHING...

—FEELING A PULL—
BEING SUBCONSCIOUSLY
DRAWN TO THIS SPOT—

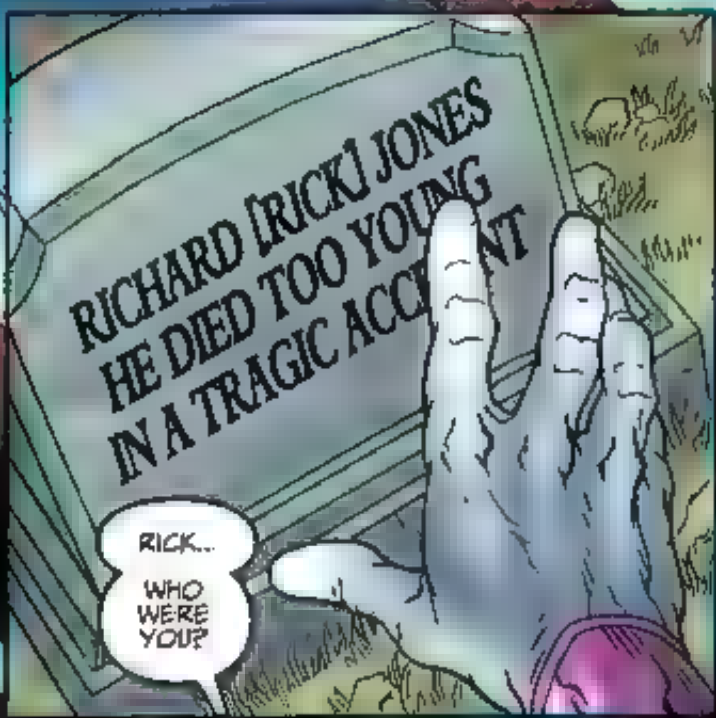
—WHERE I KNOW I'LL
BE ABLE TO FIND THIS
MYSTERIOUS TERRAN...

—AND WITH A WELCOME
SARCASTIC EDGE, HE'LL
BE ABLE TO TELL ME
WHAT I NEED TO KNOW...

—HELP ME TO
UNDERSTAND
ALL OF THIS...

...HELP ME...

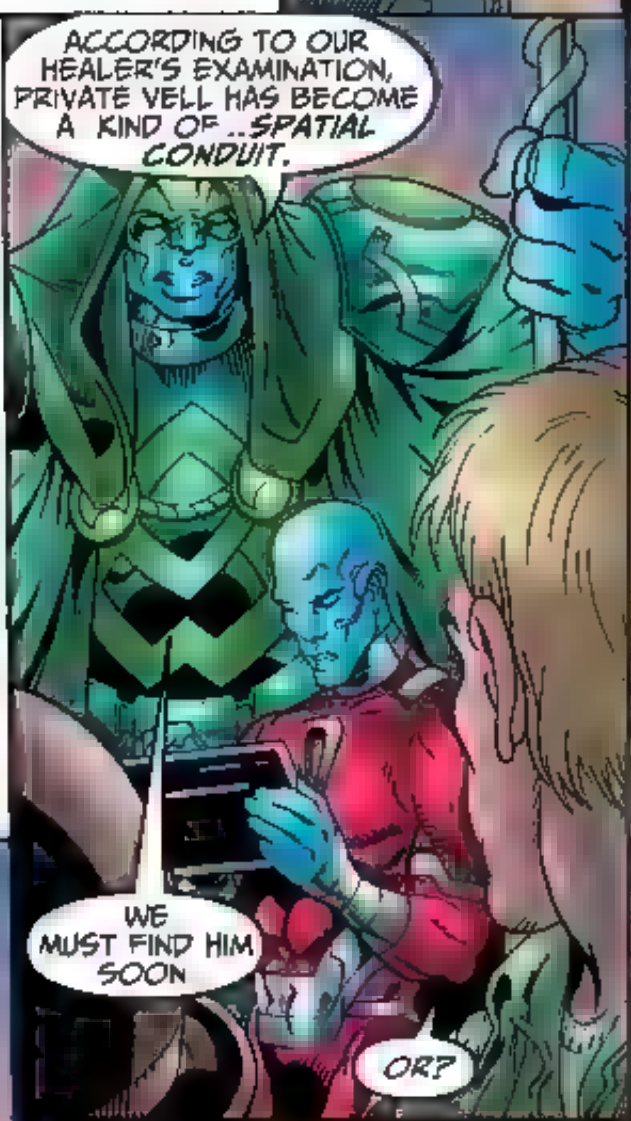
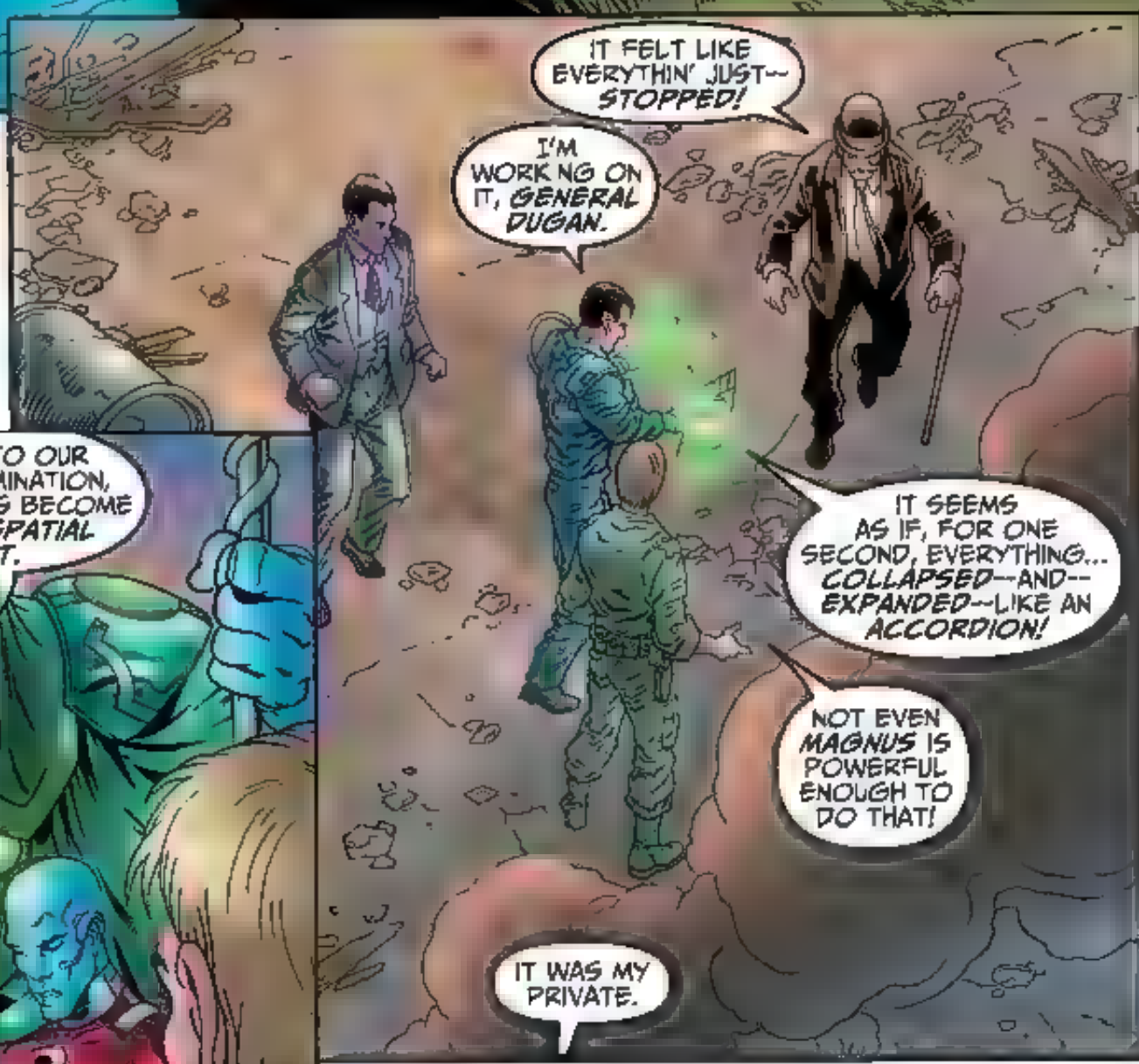
OH...

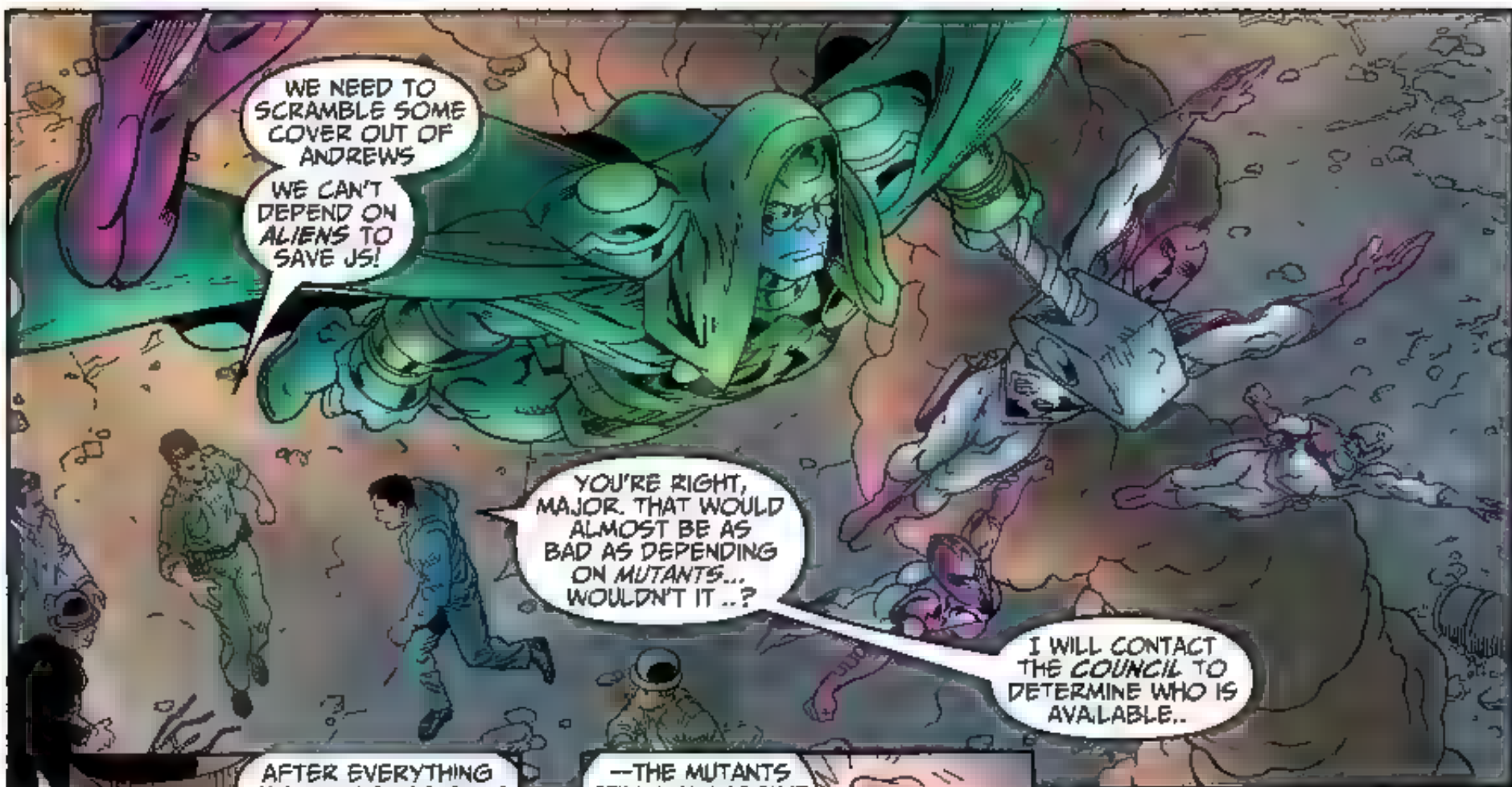


RICK...
WHO
WERE
YOU?

WHY DOES
THIS ALL FEEL SO
WRONG?!

"WHAT THE HELL
WAS THAT?"

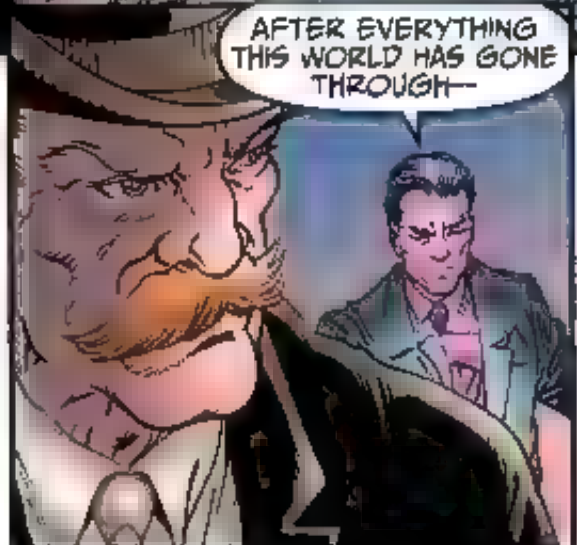




WE NEED TO
SCRAMBLE SOME
COVER OUT OF
ANDREWS
WE CAN'T
DEPEND ON
ALIENS TO
SAVE JS!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
MAJOR. THAT WOULD
ALMOST BE AS
BAD AS DEPENDING
ON MUTANTS...
WOULDN'T IT..?

I WILL CONTACT
THE COUNCIL TO
DETERMINE WHO IS
AVAILABLE..



AFTER EVERYTHING
THIS WORLD HAS GONE
THROUGH—

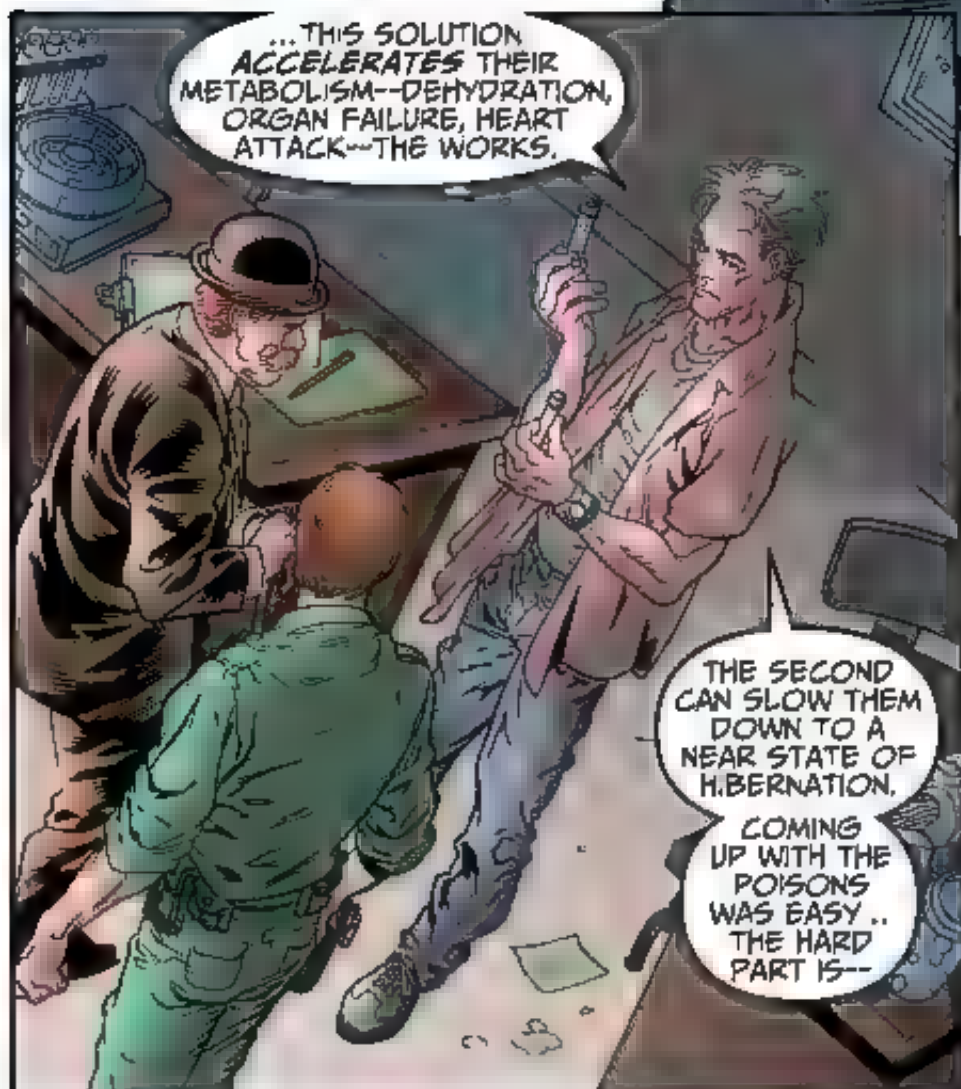


—THE MUTANTS
STILL WALK AROUND
WITH A GIANT
CHIP ON THEIR
SHOULDER.



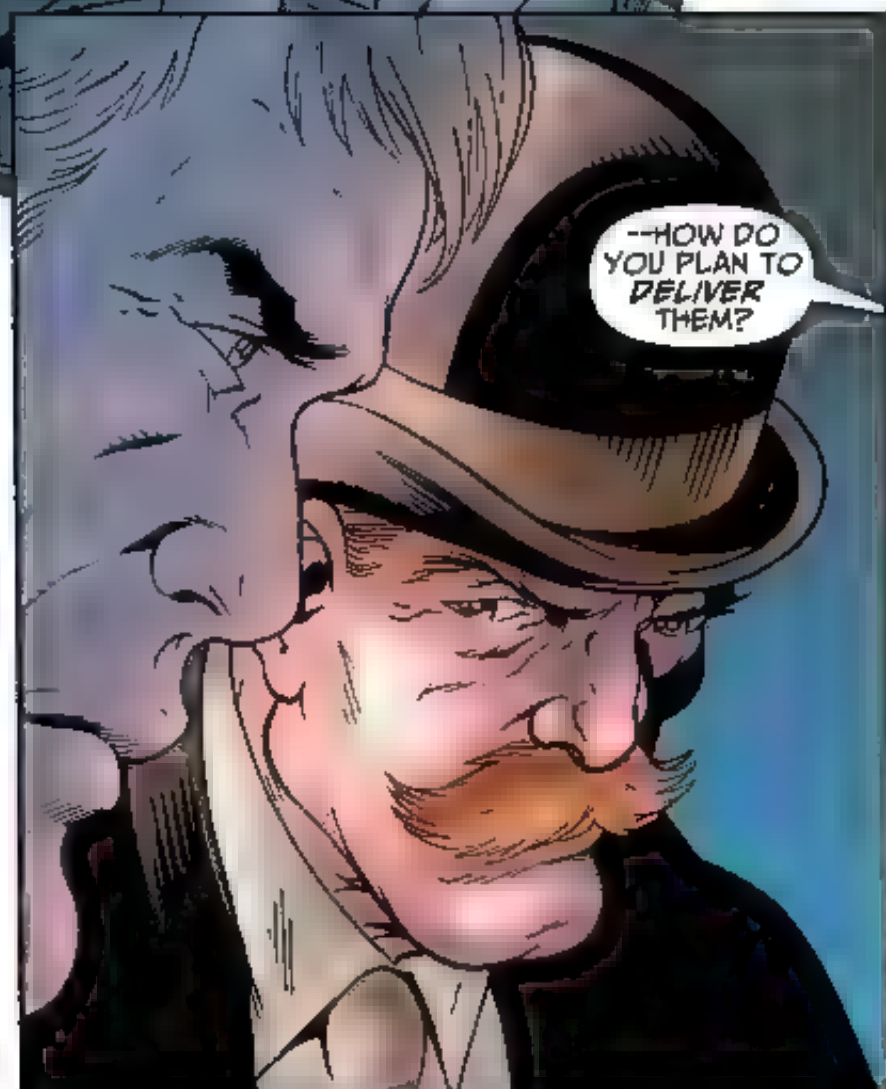
PERHAPS YOU
SHOULDN'T THINK
OF PRIVATE VELL AS
A THREAT, BUT
RATHER...
... AN
OPPORTUNITY--?

*OF COURSE
I DID IT...

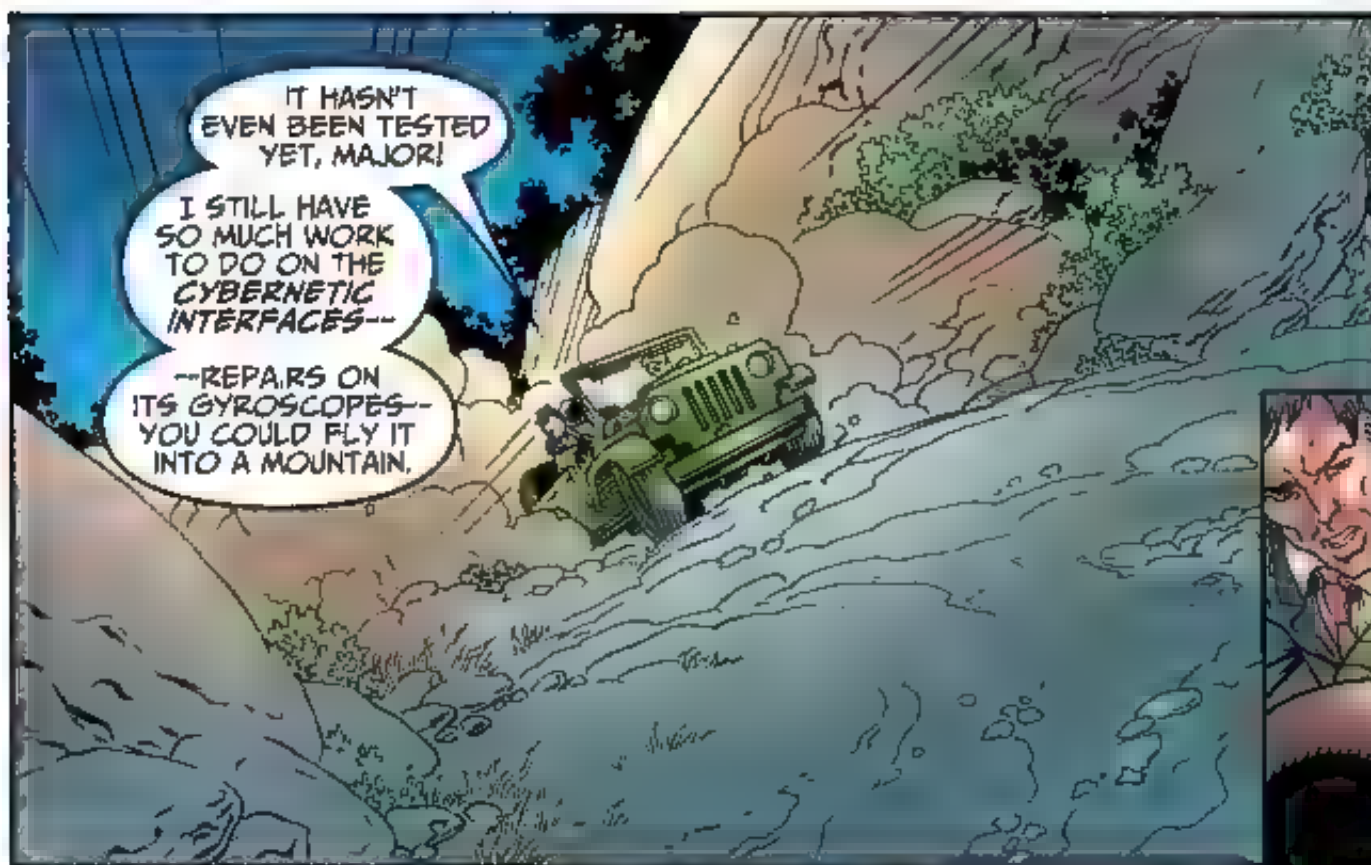


...THIS SOLUTION
ACCELERATES THEIR
METABOLISM--DEHYDRATION,
ORGAN FAILURE, HEART
ATTACK--THE WORKS.

THE SECOND
CAN SLOW THEM
DOWN TO A
NEAR STATE OF
HIBERNATION.
COMING
UP WITH THE
POISONS
WAS EASY..
THE HARD
PART IS--



--HOW DO
YOU PLAN TO
DELIVER
THEM?

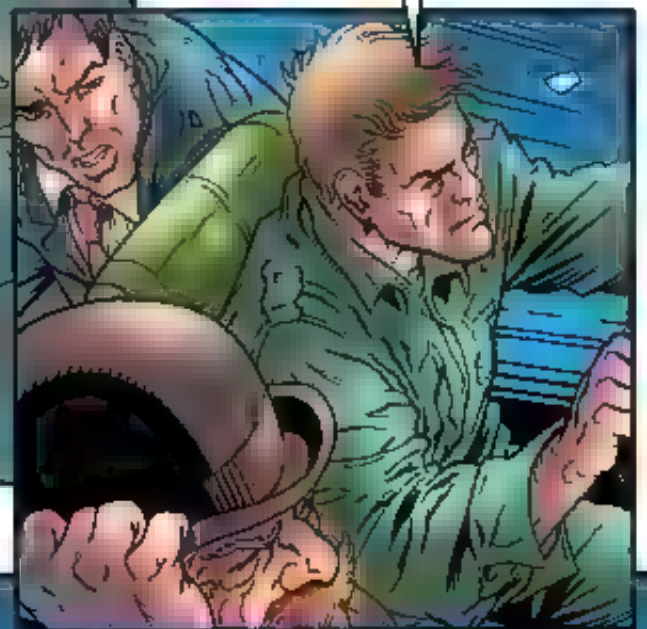


IT HASN'T
EVEN BEEN TESTED
YET, MAJOR!

I STILL HAVE
SO MUCH WORK
TO DO ON THE
CYBERNETIC
INTERFACES--

--REPAIRS ON
ITS GYROSCOPES--
YOU COULD FLY IT
INTO A MOUNTAIN.

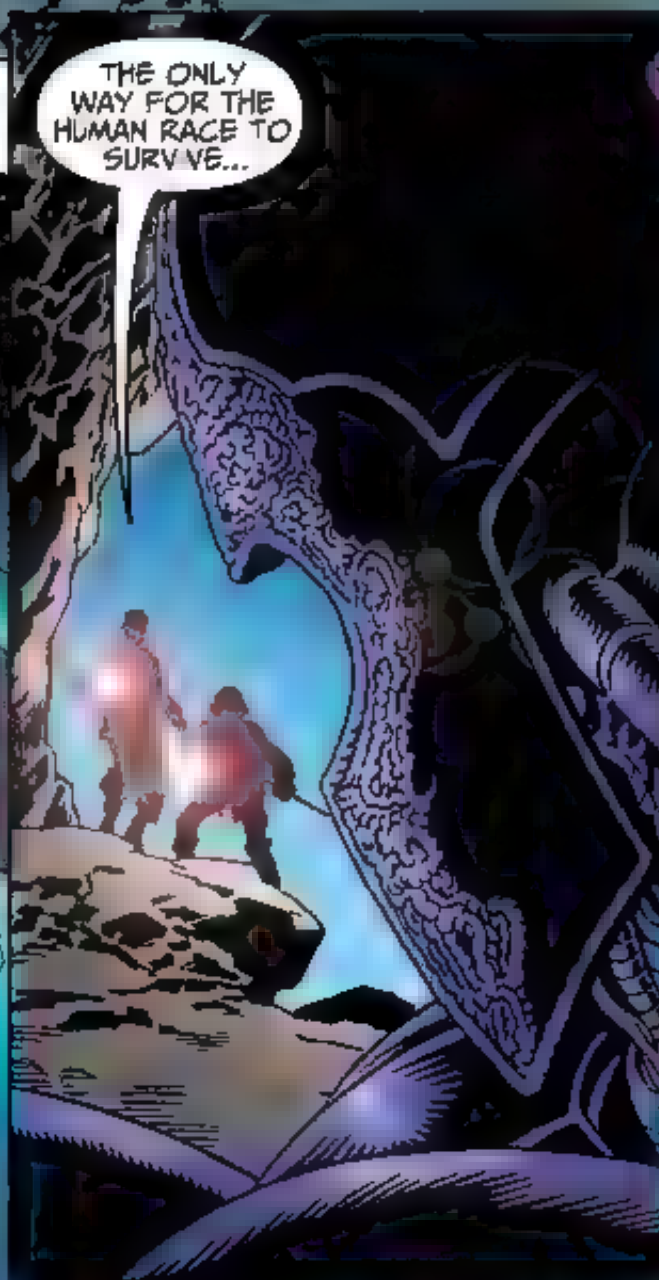
ABE... IF IT
WORKS, I'LL BE
ABLE TO FLY IT
THROUGH A
MOUNTAIN..



I'M DOING A
REMOTE REBOOT--
IT'S A DIRTY UPLOAD,
MAJOR--

--I WASN'T
READY--I D DNT
THINK ANY OF US WERE
READY FOR TIPPING OUR
HAND ON THIS KIND
OF SCALE...

WE DON'T
HAVE A CHOICE,
ABE.



THE ONLY
WAY FOR THE
HUMAN RACE TO
SURVIVE...



"...IS TO START
FIGHTING BACK!"

THEY COME.
MUTANTS,
HUMANS
AND KREE
COMBINED.

AS ALWAYS, MUTUALLY
ASSURED DESTRUCTION BRINGS
ALL RACES TOGETHER.

MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT.
I DON'T KNOW ANYMORE.

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING.

THEY COME TO
DESTROY ME.

FUNNY... SINCE
I KNOW EVERYTHING.

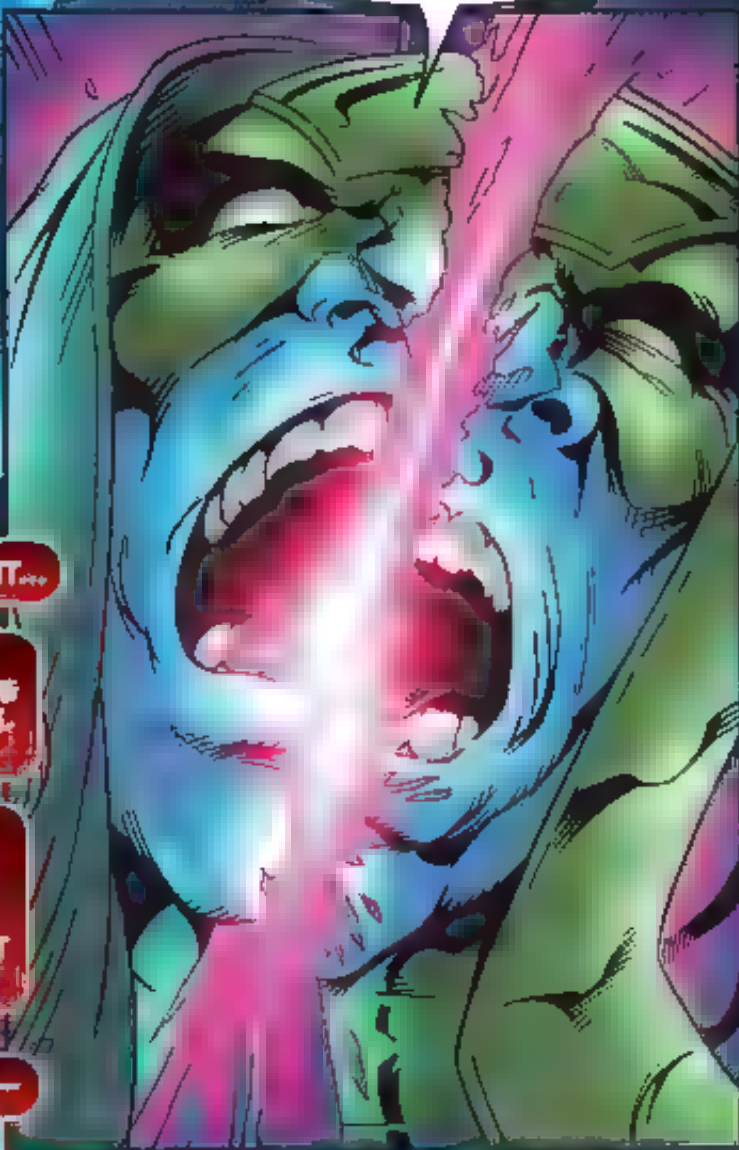
(PRIVATE VELL—
LET US HELP YOU!)
(YOU ARE
BISECTING TIME
AND SPACE FOR FIVE
HUNDRED KILOMETERS
AROUND YOU!)

I CAN'T STOP IT...

OUR WORLD—
EVERYTHING WE
KNOW—IT'S ALL
SO WRONG...

EVERY FIBER
OF MY BEING
IS TRYING TO
TURN IT BACK
TO THE WAY IT
SHOULD BE!

I—I'M SORRY—



RICK--
TALK TO ME--
IF THIS IS WRONG--
WHY... WHY DOES IT
FEEL RIGHT?

SHOULD
THIS HAVE BEEN
MY LIFE?

WHAT IF
THIS REALITY
IS WORSE FOR
THE PLANET
EARTH...
... BUT
BETTER FOR
ME--?

A COMMON ENEMY MAKES FOR STRANGE
ALLIES, INDEED. EVEN THOSE WHO WOULD
SEEK TO USE ME TO THEIR OWN END.

FW
POOM

YEARS AGO, THE HUMANS
USED MECHANICAL
BLOODHOUNDS IN THEIR
PURSUIT OF MUTANTS.

MAGNETO STOPPED THEM AND
SAVED THE WORLD, CHANGING
THE EVOLUTIONARY COURSE
OF THIS PLANET.

THE HUMAN REBELLION HAD FOUND AND SECRETED
THE PROTOTYPE OF AN ATLAS-CLASS SENTINEL
MUTANT-HUNTER.

THE IRONIES OF IT ALL
BECOME ALMOST
AMUSING.

PRIVATE VELL--
THE ONLY HOPE
YOU HAVE OF SAVING
YOUR PEOPLE IS TO
HELP THE HUMAN
UNDERGROUND
RESISTANCE!

ALMOST

YOUR PLANS ARE
HOPELESS!

YOU WERE
GOING TO KILL
THE KREE TO INITIATE
AN ALLIANCE WITH THE
SH'AR--SO THAT
THEY WOULD COME
TO ERADICATE
ALL MUTANTS
FOR YOU!

BUT EVEN
IF HOMO SAPIENS DOES
DESTROY HOMO MUTATIS,
YOU CAN'T STOP EVOLUTION!
IT IS A NATURAL
PROCESS THAT WILL--
AAAGH!

YOU'RE
NOT A PART
OF THIS!

I'M NOT
GOING TO
LET YOU COME
BETWEEN HUMANS
AND MUTANTS
AND SCREW
THIS UP!

THIS COULD
BE OUR LAST
CHANCE TO
SAVE--

--WHAT--
WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME?

YOU ARE
DIVIDED
BETWEEN WHAT
WAS, WHAT IS AND
WHAT COULD
BE

ON
THIS WORLD,
YOU MATTER--
YOU ARE A MAN
OF HONOR--OF
CONVICTION...

WHAT A
RIDICULOUS IRONY--
HERE YOU ARE A
BETTER MAN, BUT YOU
EXIST IN A WORSE
SITUATION. WHICH
WOULD YOU
PREFER?

SHUT UP!

SHRINKK

IF YOU HAD THE CHOICE, WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE--

--A GOOD MAN ON A WORLD DOOMED TO EXTINCTION OR A BAD MAN ON A WORLD FILLED WITH POTENTIAL?

GNNRRMM!

OKAY, ABE... IF I SURVIVE THIS, WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO CUT THAT PAIN-RECEPTOR LINK...

MAJOR JOSTEN... I KNOW YOU HAVE THE MEANS TO KILL ME--

--BUT IN DOING SO, YOU MIGHT ACCELERATE THE POWERS I'M MANIFESTING TO THE POINT WHERE ALL OF THIS REALITY WILL CEASE TO EXIST.

ON THE OTHER HAND, IF YOU USE THE BIOAGENT THAT SLOWS DOWN MY METABOLIC RATE--

--YOUR PLOT AGAINST THE KREE WILL BE EXPOSED--

--YOU WILL BE EXECUTED FOR TREASON--

--AND YOUR ENTIRE HUMAN UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT WILL COLLAPSE!

ON A WORLD RESTORED TO ITS PROPER PLACE, YOU WOULD LIVE ON AS A DEEPLY FLAWED MAN OF WEAK AND WAVERING PRINCIPLES.

ON THIS ONE, YOU DIE A MAN OF HONOR... AND A HERO TO BILLIONS... EVEN AS THEY ALL LOSE HOPE.

SHUN
CLUNNN

WHIK
VHRRR

THE CHOICE IS YOURS.

WHY? IF YOU HAVE SO MUCH POWER, WHY CAN'T YOU DECIDE?

BECAUSE... BECAUSE... I THINK MY DECISIONS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN WRONG...

...I THINK... MAYBE--I *CHOSE* THIS REALITY FOR MYSELF--SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO LIVE WITH SO MUCH... RESPONSIBILITY.

YOU--WEAK... ALIEN! LIFE IS RESPONSIBILITY!
I'M NOT GOING TO RISK EVERY LIFE ON THIS PLANET JUST TO ADVANCE MY CAUSE--
--BUT I'M NOT GOING TO STOP TRYING TO DO WHAT'S RIGHT. THAT'S SOMETHING YOUR OLD MAN WOULD'VE UNDERSTOOD...

I COULD STOP HIM--EASILY-- BUT WHAT WERE MY OPTIONS?

LIVE AND RISK DESTROYING THIS WORLD-- OR DIE AND RISK DESTROYING THIS WORLD.

NEITHER OPTION GUARANTEED A RETURN TO MY--TO OUR--REAL WORLD--THAT WAS IN THE HANDS OF... OTHERS...

COWARD.

HE DIDN'T KNOW... HOW HARD A CHOICE IT WAS FOR ME TO DO NOTHING.

ENSURING I WOULD LIVE ON A WORLD WHERE I GLADLY ACCEPT BEING LESS...

...RATHER THAN RETURNING TO A WORLD...







MAJOR ERIK JOSTEN WAS JUST FOUND DRIVING A STOLEN VEHICLE OUTSIDE OF PHOENIX.

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW HE MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN THERE?

NO, SIR. HE'S BEEN AWOL FOR HOURS NOW.

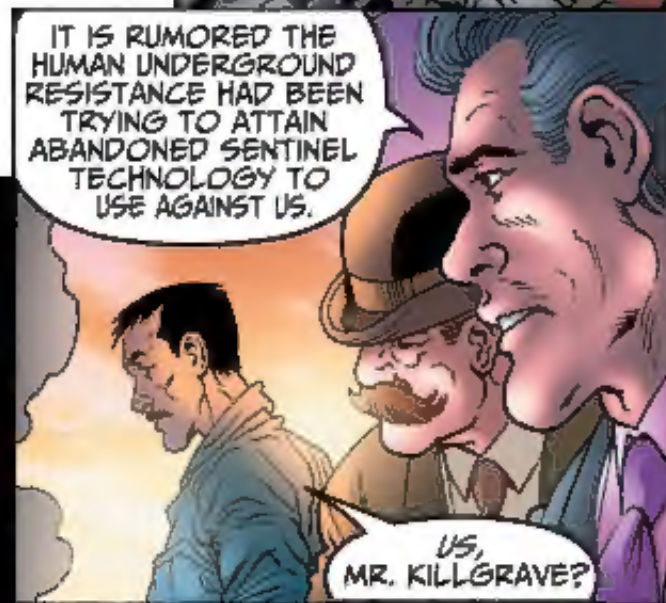
AND DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT AN EXPLOSION FIFTY MILES AWAY THAT CONSUMED A DAMAGED SENTINEL?

MUCH LESS HOW A LONE SENTINEL ARM WAS FOUND AT THIS SCENE?



I'M ASKING, SINCE WE HAVE NO RECORD OF ANY SENTINELS BEING DEPLOYED HERE...?

NO, SIR, I DON'T.



IT IS RUMORED THE HUMAN UNDERGROUND RESISTANCE HAD BEEN TRYING TO ATTAIN ABANDONED SENTINEL TECHNOLOGY TO USE AGAINST US.

US, MR. KILLGRAVE?



I HAVE ALWAYS LIKENED MYSELF TO A MUTANT, SIR, WITH THE GIFT FOR PURPLE PROSE AND THE POWER OF PERSUASION.

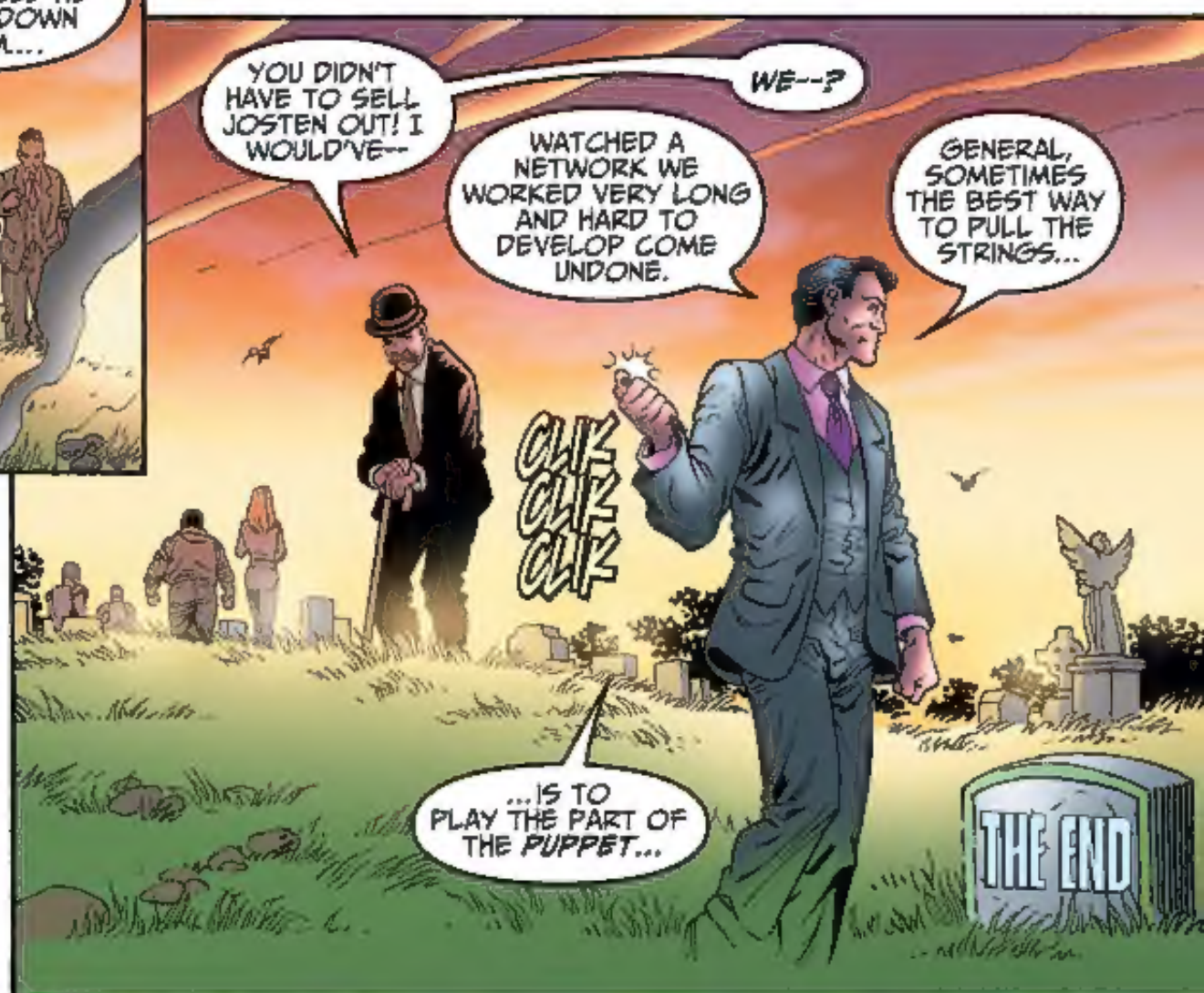
WOULDN'T THAT BE A VERY DANGEROUS POWER INDEED, MR. KILLGRAVE?

GENERAL DUGAN, FIND OUT WHAT YOU CAN ABOUT JOSTEN.

IT WOULD BE A SHAME FOR HIM TO BE PROVEN A TRAITOR...



...BUT AN EVEN GREATER SHAME SHOULD HE TAKE YOU DOWN WITH HIM...



YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO SELL JOSTEN OUT! I WOULD'VE--

WE--?

WATCHED A NETWORK WE WORKED VERY LONG AND HARD TO DEVELOP COME UNDONE.

GENERAL, SOMETIMES THE BEST WAY TO PULL THE STRINGS...

...IS TO PLAY THE PART OF THE PUPPET...

THE END